



# Bee

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NO. 17

### The Talkative Boy.

got his hair."

"Tain't no what takes after pa and s his hair. It's me who does that en he comes home tight."—Texas Kings.

**In Morte Velitas.**

Dobson married an heiress, but he says protested it was a marriage of heart."

Did he prove it when her father lost rything?"

Yes. He was found dead the next with a note saying it was heart-ure."—Judge.

**Done to Death.**

**Fr.** Hen—Chick! Chick!  
**Kn.** Ducking—April fool!—Puck.  
**A Dead Give Away.**  
**Charles Bonaparte**—I haven't got anything for you. Why don't you borrow from your friends?  
**Charles Bonaparte**—What's the use of asking him? He always expects to paid back.—Alex Sweet, in *Texas Items*.  
**(Wonderful Cunning.)**  
**First Anarchist**—How did you ever manage to escape the police?  
**Second Anarchist**—I hid in the basement of a laundry. They never dreamed of looking for me there.—*Indianapolis Journal*.  
**Beyond a Theory.**  
**Moddin**—Now, my theory is—his—  
**Mashman** can drink reasonably—his quantity and not his—get drunk!  
**Dinsmore**—Well, it is a condition,

not a theory, which contradicts your own—Puck.

**One Story of It.**

"In that case, let's deal I thought, 'It Spadway was going to let you in the ground floor." "

"Well, he didn't do it." I reckon I didn't show abasement enough."—Chicago Tribune.

**Still Worse.**

She—I hate that Spoonley girl.

He—What for?

She—Because she's in love with you.

He—But I'm not in love with her.

She—If you were, I'd hate you, too.

Puck.

**Cleverly Evaded.**

Mrs. Mooney—Do you love me, dear-ly, for myself alone?

Mooney—No, I don't think any husband can be your part of your mother and be in good taste.—N. Y. World.

**Before You Walk**

Editor—Has Dr. Bitterpill a great notice here?  
 Native—Well, I should say so; the money has had to be enlarged twice side of a year—Square Moments.  
 To strengthen it.  
 Mrs. Wandering (to the landlady)—Is there anything I can help you to, Dr. Bitterpill?  
 Bitterpill—Yes, ma'am. Can I have some milk put in this cream?—Truth.  
 A Correct Estimate.  
 Tourist (in Oklahoma)—What is the population of this place?  
 Alkali Ike (promptly)—Eight hundred and sixty-seven souls, and thirty-five real estate agents.—Puck.

A Lasy Boy.  
 Teacher—You are the laziest boy in my class. How do you expect to earn your money when you grow up?  
 Lasy Boy (yawning)—Dunno. Guess I teach school.—Good News.

After the Bargain.  
 "You knew there were sneak thieves in this store."

road. Why didn't you keep a watch  
out for them?"

"I did. I was on the bureau. They  
hook it."—Chicago Tribune.

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**Taking It for Granted.**

Sadie—I had a proposal yesterday  
on a man of seventy-five, with an  
income of \$30,000.

Bertha—When are you going to be  
married?—Truth.

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**Rivals.**

The Poet—Did she think my sonnet  
as good?

The Friend—She must have. She  
didn't believe you wrote it.—Life.

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**Just, Why He Ate Sheep.**

"The rich," said a Dutchman, ex-  
plaining his liking for mutton, "eat  
mutton, because it ish deer. I eat mutton  
because it ish sheep."—Truth.

**Kahty Cruching.**  
**Maughter Maiden**—I know a thing or two.  
**Lowly Lover**—I darsny. There are several in your set. **Town Topics**  
**Sally Uscertain.**  
**Peddler**—Are you the boss of this one, sir?  
**Proprietor**—I—I—I guess so my wife led, last Monday—**Hallo.**  
**A Suggestion.**  
**He**—I've often, "blessed," had a sister. She's why—**Why**—do you propose to someone else? **Truth**  
**When It Happened.**  
 In a civil action on money matters the plaintiff had stated that his financial position was always satisfactory. In cross-examination he was asked if he had ever been very tight.  
 "No," was the answer.  
 Next question was: "Now, be careful. Did you ever stop payment?"  
 "Yes," was the reply.  
 "Ah," exclaimed the counsel, "I thought you were tight at it at last. When did that happen?"  
 "After I paid all I owed," was the answer.—**Argonaut.**